



LA BELLE JARDINIÈRE.
MARY, THE DIVINE CHILD, AND JOHN.
(After Raphael in the Louvre)



ALL SOULS' DAY.

"From the depths I have cried unto Thee, O Lord!

Lord, hear my voice."

"His Hand hath touched me."

[The plaint of a poor soul whose friends still weep and pray for him, and whose body is not yet buried.]

I.

His hand hath touched me! Yes, when death
Released my spirit from its frame,
I felt His anger's fiery breath,
His Hand was as a living flame.
My spirit shrank before His ire,
My soul, in terror, tried to flee,
But streams and gyves of molten fire
Swept over, and encompassed me!

II.

Of His divine and lovely Face
That moment's sight showed all I'd lost.
O God! could I my life retrace,
Thee would I win at any cost.
But let the fire that tortures me
The stains upon my soul consume,
For in Thine awful sanctity
I see the justice of my doom.

III.

In life it seemed so slight a fault
For which we writhe in anguish here!
The scornful look, the little halt
'Twixt false and true; the covert sneer
At holy things; the idle thought,
The hasty word that held a sting—
O God! how lightly then we wrought
Such fearful punishment to bring!

THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

IV.

O ye who still on earth remain,
 Where works can merit, prayer may win,
 Bethink ye of the fearful pain
 Exacted for the smallest sin.
 The tortured soul in anguish moans,
 But His relentless hand doth press ;
 No pity hath He for our groans,
 Who once was all sweet tenderness !

V.

It seems in truth a thousand years
 Since first I saw this prison cell.
 No one remembers me.—The tears
 From loving eyes that freely fell
 Long, long are dried.—My friends are dead.
 Perchance from heaven they look on me,
 But knowing how my life hath sped
 They leave me to my misery.

VI.

From out these depths I cry to Thee :
 Lord, Lord, in pity heed my prayer !
 Withdraw Thy chast'ning hand from me,
 My tortured soul no more can bear.
 Yet, no, dear Lord ! Let me abide
 In scorching flames akin to hell,
 Until, by fire purified,
 With Thee I may forever dwell.

MARY LOUISE RYAN.

Cincinnati, November, 1897.

THE FEAST OF ALL SAINTS.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.



HIS day like a lily, falling sweet
 Straight out of Paradise. We seem to hear
 Its blessed bells, exultant, close anear,
 Resounding through our pain. How light, how fleet
 On its soft sward, the gleam of angel feet !
 How white they shine ! A-bloom in holy cheer
 The lilled fields, where souls surpassing dear
 To us below, rejoice in rest complete !

O Saints redeemed, ye know our sin-dark hours !
 Mother of Mercy, thou hast shared our strife !
 Earth is but sad,—drop down celestial flowers
 Of interceding peace !—Thou Source of Life
 In earth and heaven, wilt hear ! Thy pity falls
 On us, to-day, from Heaven's transcendent walls.

LIFE OF ST. JOANNA OF TOULOUSE, CARMELITE NUN.

BY L'ABBE BAURENS DE MOLINIER.

CHAPTER VIII.

SAINT JOANNA IS SADDENED BY THE TREATMENT THE CARMELITES HAVE TO ENDURE; BUT SHE FINDS CONSOLATION IN THE MIRACLES WHICH FOLLOWED EVERY ATTEMPT AGAINST THE CARMELITES. REFLECTIONS. OTHER INCIDENTS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.



THE persecutions we have just narrated deeply moved the heart of St. Joanna. She saw her most cherished work, the foundation of the Carmelite monastery in her native city, so seriously threatened. She beheld the miraculous image of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, exposed to insult and profanation, and saw the confraternity of the most holy Scapular dissolved and dispersed.

Who can imagine the anguish of her soul? No more could she write and pour out her heart to her spiritual protector, St. Simon Stock. She, however, prayed more than ever and increased her austerities. Heaven hearkened to her desires, and granted them beyond measure.

She witnessed the great miracle wrought by the most Blessed Virgin, when the son of the judge of Toulouse was so fearfully punished for his audacity. She saw the conversion of the same young man, and how he made most generous and edifying reparation for his attempted outrage.

She had hoped against hope. The endeavor of Vignes, ready to kill the Carmelites, to burn down their monas-

tery, and to destroy the statue of the holy Virgin, reminded her of that which befell St. Paul, when an unbeliever, and on his way to Damascus. In each case, the intended crime was enormous, the change wonderful.

Doubtless, the heart of Vignes was not so bad. He blasphemed and muttered what he did not know, and in the uprightness of his soul, fully believed that, in crushing all and everything at the instigation of the Jewish party, he was rendering a service to humanity.

Similar spectacles we may witness in our own day. How many good and otherwise honest people are convinced that, by persecuting the Church, our clergy, and the monks and sisters, they deserve popular applause! It is our most heartfelt desire that, through the intercession of St. Joanna, they, too, like Vignes, the son of the Jewish judge of Toulouse, may be so happy as to be converted on their way to Damascus! Indeed, our century must return to God, and to obedience His law; and this can only happen through prayers and miracles.

At the same period—A.D. 1264—there occurred the institution of a Feast day, the solemnity and splendor of which have always, and will always, truly rejoice Christian hearts: namely, the Feast and Processions of the Most Holy Sacrament. This event filled the

mind and heart of St. Joanna with happiness.

Urban IV., St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventure, St. Louis of France, St. Joanna of Toulouse, the Blessed Juliana of Mt. Cormillon, St. Simon Stock: all appear to my mental vision, forming a magnificent circle of worshippers of God, hidden in the Eucharist, under the sacramental species!

Behold the strange contrasts presented by the thirteenth century; a period of time extolled by one party, and decried by the other. The most wonderful faith, and the most criminal habits are presented, side by side; sanctity and barbarism have both their disciples and followers.

We now come to treat of Saint Raymond, of Falgar. He was a Bishop, and occupied his see during thirty-seven years. Powerful, equally, in words and deeds, his episcopacy was the most fruitful of good, which the church-history of Toulouse could record.

Protector of the Carmelites, of St. Joanna, and of everything worthy and noble in his diocese, he never grew weary, nor relaxed in his warfare against the heresy of his time, the audacity of which continued to be exhibited, incessantly, threatening the Catholic Faith, and imperiling the salvation of souls.

His enemies, who were, at the same time, enemies of the Church, brought against him all kinds of calumnies, even accusing him of simony and immorality. The Roman court, at first perplexed by such charges, became, in due time, enlightened as to the true state of affairs, and did full justice to this irreproachable Prelate, who had come to Rome, to plead his cause before the Holy See.

All these trials and tribulations

arising from satanic influences, against the religious, and the most saintly persons of her time, and of her country, induced St. Joanna to detach herself more and more from worldly affections, and to increase her attachment to heavenly objects, alone. God, and the salvation of souls were her only passion. These inclinations, far from weakening with age, only grew the stronger. Amidst her solitary hours, she was interested in everything that concerns the Church.

In the year 1270, she heard that Saint Louis, a great and devoted protector of Mount Carmel, was about to visit the Holy Land, having heartily favored the new Crusade inaugurated against the Turks. In the same year, her cousin Jane, Countess of Toulouse, with her husband, Alphonse of Poitiers, passed through Toulouse.

It is not certain whether or not Joanna, our recluse, received her illustrious relatives, but we can safely say that, during all the time, and all the festivities in honor of their presence in the city, she never ceased to pray for their spiritual happiness, and for the noble and pious enterprise of the saintly Louis.

Alas! the end of this crusade was not a happy one. In the year 1270, St. Louis died in a foreign land, Tunis, in Africa, being before his very eyes. Jane, of Toulouse, and Alphonse, of Poitiers, after their return to Europe, died in Genoa, leaving no children. The county of Toulouse was then definitely united with the crown of France.

Philip III., surnamed "The Bold," eldest son of St. Louis, succeeded his father by the right of inheritance. From this moment, our local history loses its importance. The *Capitouls*—gentlemen of the Chapter—no more play a political part.

Meanwhile, the life of St. Joanna was not, entirely, an unbroken web made up of cross and thorns. In the midst of her sadness, the Lord favored her with some pious joys.

In the year 1265—one so trying to the Carmelites—our Saint saw the general chapter of the Order held at Toulouse. This chapter selected Fr. Nicolaus Francois, a Toulousian, to be the successor of St. Simon Stock. Father Nicolaus was succeeded, A.D. 1270, by the Most Rev. Fr. Radulph de Fresburn, by birth an Englishman. In the general chapter, held at Bordeaux, A.D. 1273, Mt. Rev. Fr. Peter de Molland was elected. He was the last general of the Order whom St. Joanna knew.

In the year 1270, Raymond of Falgar died, and St. Joanna rejoiced to see elected Bertrand de l'Isle Jourdain to the Episcopal See of Toulouse. He was, to her, a protector and father. In him she found a friend of God, and a kindred soul. In fact, this Prelate was a cousin of our Saint, being, by the mother, a grandson of Raymund V., Count of Toulouse. At his own expense, he built the choir of the present cathedral of that city. No church, no religious community in his diocese was overlooked when he lavished his riches on worthy Christian objects.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LAST YEARS OF ST. JOANNA. HER HOLY DEATH. CLOSE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY. AFFAIRS IN EUROPE. EVENTS IN FRANCE. IN TOULOUSE.

Peace reigned supreme in Toulouse, the Carmelites and the Confraternity were no longer harassed, and an opportunity was given to St. Joanna to throw aside all earthly care and anxiety. She now gave her thoughts solely to things

celestial, passing her days in the delights of contemplation.

We find more details of her angelic life in the writings of the Carmelite Father John Paleonidorus (1495) and others contemporary with, and subsequent to, him. These authors tell us enthusiastically, and none the less truly, that Joanna of Toulouse was, indeed, a faithful imitator of the Virgin Mother of God and first among the consecrated daughters of Carmel. She was a beacon-light on the holy Mount three centuries before the great Teresia had shed lustre on modern times. This woman, par excellence, St. Joanna, was among the first to tread the cross-covered path of the cloister, and the first to embrace the strict Rule of St. Albert. She, seraphic virgin and unspotted dove, gave herself up to every act of suffering, sacrifice and self-renunciation. Silence and solitude were her constant companions. Paragon of every Christian virtue, like a wise virgin, she followed after the Lamb with her lamp ever trimmed, and never swerved from the path which led to perfection. Perseveringly, she trod the rugged way to Calvary until at length before her vision, in all its glory, burst forth the glory of the Son of God.

Mary Immaculate was her daily model, and Mary herself conducted the saint into the sanctuary of the holy Spirit, where, in ecstasy, her soul was lost in transports of divine love.

But Heaven was jealous of earth, and the winged harvesters were sent to cull this fair flower, whose sweet odor was henceforth to diffuse itself throughout the heavenly courts. The peaceful passing—some call it death—of St. Joanna to the company of the angelic hosts, took place on the last day of March, 1286, under the Pontificate of Pope Honorius the Fourth.

The precious remains of the Saint were conveyed to the Church of the Carmelites, where members of the Scapular Society and throngs of the laity came to venerate the precious relics. Long after death, the face of the holy virgin retained its former beauty and freshness. With great pomp and ceremony the body was deposited in the chapel of St. Martial. Miraculous cures were wrought daily at her tomb. When the remains of St. Joanna sought their last resting place, the world saw the last of the illustrious line of Raymond IV.

* * * * *

The 13th Century was drawing to a close. Till now the spirit of Faith had cemented Christian Europe, and sweet Charity held unruly princes in captive bonds. The voice of Peter was heard and obeyed by ruler and people, and the kingdom of Christ had verily come upon the earth. But now all was changing. The Papacy, always listened to with respect, and which had ever used its influence to procure and augment human happiness, was left unheeded by the restless nations.

From his august throne, the Pope beheld Germany torn by cruel intestine war. The Electors of the Holy Empire were strongly divided on the choice of a leader, and Albert of Austria had sent to an untimely grave his rival Adolphus of Nassau. Ecclesiastical thunderbolts fell powerless before the fires belching from such stormy battlements.

Rome itself—Eternal city of the illustrious Pontiffs! feigned an attempt to overthrow the Papal throne, erecting in its stead, for the nonce, a so-called Roman Empire whose confines were circumscribed by the walls of the city itself.

Philip, the Fair, King of France, being at war with King Richard of England, scorning the proffered pontifical mediation, fell under the ban of

excommunication. But all to no purpose. Most of the clergy and nobility went so far as to form an unholy alliance against the Holy Father; and the Pope's legates were dishonored and thrown into dungeons. In vain, by way of conciliation, did Pope Boniface VIII. proceed to canonize Saint Louis, predecessor of an unworthy successor—Philip the Fair. Blind to all ecclesiastical favors, the French King insisted on his so-called royal rights, and backed up his angry threats by sending his officers to insult the Holy Father within the sacred precincts of the pontifical palace.

In these stormy times, Clement V. assumed the tiara. This Pope saw the last of the Order of Templars, and in his days the Papacy sought a temporary abiding place at historic Avignon.

But why all this historic retrogression? Let us yet for a moment keep our eyes on the times of St. Joanna. Notwithstanding the noise without, quietly and securely, Christ, the King of saints was reaping a harvest teeming with spiritual fruits. Toulouse did its share to replenish the divine granary and, as always, the Religious Orders, bearing the heat and labors of the day contributed the best and richest sheafs.

The Canon Regulars of St. Augustin, the Franciscans and the Dominicans, can offer up the laurels won and worn by their brother-martyrs of Avignonnet. The Cistercians have their Blessed Foulques, and Peter of Castelnaud and the Brother Minors St. Louis of Anjou.

During these days the monks and nuns of the Order of Mount Carmel may well feel proud of the part they played in peopling the Calendar of hallowed names. There was no small share of the harvest. Scholars and saints there were among them and they gave glory to the priesthood. In pointing out a living model of heroic virtue in these days of revolt and disobedience, they have not to go far. We have an example here before us in the life of the great virgin—ornament of her Order—glory of her people and true Child of Mary—Saint Joanna of Toulouse.

[End of Part I.]

A STALEMATE.

A STORY OF THE THREE GRACES

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

CHAPTER XVII. (Continued.)

"Parents are generally more careful to bestow wit on their children than virtue; the art of speaking well than of doing well; but their manners ought to be the greatest concern."—FULLER.



FIDELIA FENTON was bundled off to Miss She male's School. But her days there were few. In after years, when she grew up to be grave Sister Fidelia, she used to laughingly retail amusing bits of her experience there.

"Strange set of girls they were, those giddy schoolmates of mine," she would say. "They had queer notions behind their bangs. How they would plan for the future and build castles in the air. Some of them thought that in order to sail smoothly through the world, it was only necessary to have a curling iron and a thirty-nine cent manicure set. Poor dears! they thought all perfection consisted in writing in a nice vertical hand on the loveliest pink paper, or talking in the most elegant Bostonese. They would go into ecstasies during Benediction and, perhaps, aver they had had a beautiful vision and in the morning fly off on a tangent because some other girl said 'she did not know enough to keep her hat on straight.' I don't believe some of them had a serious thought during chapel services. One day I asked my room-mate what struck her most forcibly during the sermon. 'Why,'

she replied after taking the gum out of her mouth, 'why Father X has lovely hands, they are simply elegant.'

"On one occasion I mortally offended the red-headed stage-struck girl in our class, who was to do Portia on the next commencement day. She deigned to ask me, as a compliment, which play of Shakespere I preferred. I replied that *Twelfth Night* was nice.

"'Can you repeat any of it?' asked the would-be actress.

"As an answer I quoted
Women are as roses—whose fair flower
Being once displayed falls that very
hour.

"'Ah! Miss Fenton,' she said, 'you should go and bury yourself—why, you are unfit for this world. Go and read up your Lives of the Saints, and you will wind up in a nunnery, which, you know, George Eliot called a mild kind of an insane asylum.'

"'To-day,'" continued Sister Fidelia, "that same woman would throw all her cooks and coaches to the dogs could she for a day taste the sweet peace and happiness of the cloister.

"'Poor children! How they would drum away for hours at waltz music, giving little thought to the necessary culture of womanly dignity and usefulness.'

Culture, forsooth! At the risk of interrupting good Sister Fidelia, let us pause and drink in the truth of this

common-sense comment of a Catholic editor—who said :

"There is a vast amount of rubbish afloat in these days to which the name of culture is given; but for which devil's drift or drivel would be a more fitting title. Men and women prate about everything, from God, the human soul, the world of matter, eternity, to a new wash for the hair, or the neatest thing out in bonnets, with equal zest and equal profundity. Puppies who hardly know how to read assume the air of placidly despairing atheists, and girls "prate protoplasm in gilded saloons." Conversation has assumed a vague, nasty, effeminate tone, with no bone or marrow, or common sense manhood in it. Men and women and things are "lovely," "sweet," or "perfectly delightful," or "quite too awfully horrid," or "impossible," instead of being honestly right or wrong, good or bad. Delicate words and phrases are constructed to cover bold indelicacy or bold indecency. A gauzy veil is thrown over naked sin, and a superfine sense of a refined world is shocked that decent people can not gaze with calm eyes at indecency so gracefully veiled. This is the new culture, the development of the esthetic sense of which we learn so much. It shows itself in modern art and the favorite literature of the day; the one jejune or debasing or low in itself; the other meretricious and elaborately corrupt. It becomes more and more a duty to study Catholic literature, to frequent as much as possible Catholic society, or, better still, to multiply truly cultivated Catholic homes and firesides."

But to return to Sister Fidelia's reminiscences :

"In recalling names," she said, "I must confess I was more amused than

enchanted by the girls' Christian(?) names.

"I remember one girl in particular. Her parents, and I say it not to their discredit, came to Castle Garden as poor as church-mice. Their child, born in the dark damp steerage, was soon after christened and called plain Bridget. As time went on, the father bossed a gang of Italians and getting up in the world, and besides having a 'pull,' as they say, in his ward, was able to move his household goods beyond the limits of Paradise Alley. Now his better half could go to church in a gorgeous blazor jacket and Mademoiselle Bridget went to the big Academy—but Bridget was too common a name, so on her immaculate linen was conspicuously stamped 'Miss Birdie X.'

"The only falling out I ever had at school happened on All Hallow'E'en. It was all over my own name 'Faith.' Daisy Blank was engineering a practical joke on the 'Saint' as they called me. But I appeared suddenly in their council chamber and spoiled all their fun. I told them they ought to be preparing to go to Confession for All Saints—that it was not right to be eating so much fruit and confectionery on a vigil and fast day. One of the smart girls,—the one who said she was glad October was gone since she would be rid of the never-ending Beads,—she remarked that she was willing to wager a box of caramels, if I could bring a proof that I was really named after a saint. I told her she might keep her abominable sweet-meats. However, I would make another pious bargain. The person in question had the bad habit of laying aside the Scapular of Mt. Carmel, and she was to agree never to take it off if I could prove from my favorite Lives of the Saints that there was a St. Faith. I easily gained my

wager, and got a splendid chance to rub in a good moral lesson.

"I related briefly the story—a true one, of the virgin-martyrs and devoted sisters, Faith, Hope and Charity. Chaste and pure they were, more so, indeed, than the fabled icicle which, we are told, was curded from purest snow and hung on Diana's temple. These sisters were carefully educated by their pious mother Sophie. They naturally fell an easy prey to the wicked officers who carried out the diabolical work of the cruel Emperor Hadrian. Riches, honors, in fact all that the world treasures most, was offered to these valiant maidens would they but sacrifice their faith and virtue. Threats nor promises they heeded not, and young and tender as they were, they sought and gained the martyr's crown.

"The lesson I drew for my giddy companions was, of course, that having the example of such Christians before us what folly it was to pamper and adorn our miserable bodies to the detriment of our own and the souls of others. What nonsense to lose our sleep thinking of some new cure for wrinkles, and neglecting to give our conscience a spiritual massage-treatment, so to speak, by stirring it up occasionally. Then I spoke of the dangers of these wicked modern days. I told them no decent girl should flirt or dance; that she had one foot in hell as soon as she took up a bad novel, and so on.

"In the beginning curiosity made them listen to me, but, by and by, they became interested, and, I think, really did listen to the prompting of their consciences. At least, I never saw so many of them go to holy Communion before. It seems hard to be hammering at the girls. I hope they will forgive me, but, let me whisper it, the

boys can put it all in their pipes and smoke it—if they do not all indulge in cigarettes, a luxury unknown to most girls.

"To make my story short," concluded good Sister Fidelia, "the girls could not resume their nut-eating when I stopped talking. They were to receive holy Communion and must go to bed fasting now, for the midnight matin bell over at the monastery already announced the coming of All Saints.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"While there is hope left, let not the weakness of sorrow make the strength of resolution languish.—SIR P. SIDNEY.

After Faith's departure things at Boomfield, for a time, ran on in the even tenor of their way. Doctor Pill-roller's rheumatic annihilator refused to annihilate, so poor old Mrs. Werker commenced to speak of going back to the farm to live, where she was sure she would find instant relief in Mrs. Somebody's herb-tea. Charity was of course to accompany her mother, and, in Fenton's presence, expressed pleasure in doing so. Such remarks of hers gave Fenton a shivering sensation. Something must be done quickly, or the bird would be out of the cage and he would be checkmated. He would put his troubled thoughts into a letter to Cutting. Perhaps 'twas better, for did not old Doctor Johnson say that "in a man's letters his soul lies naked."

Unknown to Charity, Fenton had had a confidential chat with Padre Angelo, after which he became very taciturn. Charity noticed this, and was bound to know the Why and Wherefore. She was left none the wiser. She tried all female schemes to pump him, but it was useless.

"Oh!" she would say to herself, "if Harry would at least say a word—or even write it down!"

We all know the pangs of silence between friend and friend. Perhaps we could say of Charity that

"Words may be shafts that wound
with piercing dart,
When anger severs heart from yearning
heart;

But gladly would she bear their pain
who knows

How deeper far the pain of silence
goes."

One gleam of hope came in this note of Doctor Cutting's. It ran briefly:

"DEAR FENTON,—Am awfully busy. Couldn't get up to Boomfield. Lady patients steal a fellow's time. Everything between you and Charity will be 'O.K.' She is willing, and speaks of leaving only to give you a hint. Break the ice, old boy! Entre nous, I myself am *somewhat* interested in someone. Remember the woman in the ambulance? We are both in luck, eh? We will come out even in the game—in other words a stalemate. Looks that way. You have your fish landed all right. But for me luck may change. It will be a great day when good Padre Angelo joins in wedlock you and Charity—Rose and me. Advent is approaching, so wake up.

P.M.C."

That night Fenton put the awful question to Charity. Their only witness was our Lady of Carmel, who looked out of the beautiful gilt frame hanging in the studio.

"Some wills and contracts have codicils, my dear. Have you any suggestions?" asked Fenton of Charity next day.

"Yes, Harry. You must explain everything satisfactorily to Father Angelo," replied Charity.

"That's all right. I saw him and had a talk."

"Of course you did, but it more concerned Italian opera and the weather than it did the main question."

"I'll see him again, but I fear he will scold, Charity."

"No fear, Harry, he is all kindness and gentleness. You remember, how, preaching on the Blessed Virgin, he said we must be quiet, sweet, courteous and gentle to all if we wish to imitate Mary. The padre practices what he preaches, as you will see."

"There was none of this trouble, dear Charity, at my first wedding. It was quiet and over in a jiffy. The only show was the wedding breakfast."

"Rather pagan, Harry, but next time we will be married at Mass in the church, like Christians, not in the parlor. We will go to Confession and Communion, and thus bring a blessing in place of a curse upon our married life."

After dismissing Harry Fenton, Charity retired to her little oratory where she tried to rid herself of worldly thoughts and perform some little acts of devotion for the poor souls, especially since this second day of November was devoted to these suffering saints. She picked up a little Carmelite Manual and, commencing to read, she tried to recollect herself by doing sheer violence to her rebellious imagination.

The first passage in the book which presented itself was this saying of St. Augustine:

"I pray for the souls departed, that when they have entered into eternal bliss, they may not forget to pray for me."

The last words "pray for me" gave birth to a resolution in Charity's mind. She resolved, there and then, to offer

some special prayers for the poor souls and this she would do at once. She was convinced they would help her. Her mind was now at ease, as she devoutly kissed her holy Scapular before retiring.

A barrel of opiates would not suffice to bring sleep to Fenton's eyes. His thoughts came fast and furious. When he did get to sleep, after the milk man had rattled past, it was only to dream of the inevitable chess-board. The pawns were tumbling all over his tortured brain. His head was the playing-board, and the queens swept rapidly here and there, and the bishops and knights carried on a hot battle. His own playing-pieces seemed to go against him, and one of his pieces, a "bishop" nearly cost him the game.

"Check! That finishes it, and I have captured your queen. You better resign!" the adversary seemed to cry.

"No, no! I have yet one more move," Fenton seemed to say. He pulled himself together for a supreme effort—threw out his arms—and struck the picture of the Queen of Carmel hanging over his head. Down upon him came the picture and he was wide awake.

"Significant!" he said to himself. "Perhaps it is a reproach. Here I am gone to sleep without my Scapular on. I must not leave it off again."

Then he recalled the dream. The chess game was so life-like. He could see his "bishop" flying here and there—symbolical, it seemed, of the prelates of the Church fighting for the integrity and indissolubility of the holy marriage bond, and guarding it against the abuses of a sensual and hyper-refined age. "Thus far and no farther! Woe be to transgressors!" he could hear these fearless churchmen say.

"There is no use fighting Provi-

dence," he mused, "or in doing violence to my conscience. I will do justice to Charity, cost what it will, and I'll go straight to Father Angelo. My Scapular strings pull me along duty's path and they are held fast by the powerful arm of prayer. And for once let me utter a morning prayer—just as mother taught me long ago. Help me, Carmel's Queen, while my heart recites an act of faith, hope and charity!"

At 7 o'clock Fenton started for Father Angelo's house. He met Charity coming home from Mass which she had heard for the poor souls. Fenton was ignorant of all this, and asked Charity if the priest was yet up and around.

"Such a question, Harry!" she exclaimed. "Why, Father has been up since 4 o'clock, meditated and prayed for an hour and offered holy Mass."

"Goes to bed at sunset, I suppose," said Fenton.

"To bed? Why, he was out nearly all night visiting the sick and dying," replied Charity.

Padre Angelo with a benign smile and sweet low voice greeted Harry Fenton, and seemed ready to devote hours to him, although a thousand worrying duties awaited him elsewhere. The priest saw Fenton was nervous and excited, so he gave him a cigar as a sedative, and took down his violin, as if getting ready for pleasure rather than business. As he softly played a bar or so of an *Ave Maria*, he turned to Fenton and said, pointing to his violin:

"This teaches us harmony. Sin and disobedience brought discord into the world. The world would be one sweet song only for the devil, who tries to tune everything to the pitch of his own fiery fork, whose sound has the serpent's hissing sound. Yes, he

would destroy, disrupt, disunite, divorce all that keeps time to God's laws—and, speaking of divorce reminds me of the curse—misery—if we apply it to matrimony, it has wrought on society."

The bell rang. Fenton was glad, for he was nervously expecting a long lecture from the priest. So he got up to go, promising to put off his wedding until after Christmas. He would, he said, in all things abide by the priest's decision. He meant what he said.

That day Fenton left hurriedly for the South, hastily telling Charity, that urgent business called him away. Moreover, he told her that everything was practically arranged, and that in a month, about New Years, they would be enjoying a happy honeymoon.

"May heaven hasten the happy day, Harry, but," said Charity, "at times 'the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang off agley,' as the poet says."

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," we read, and the truth of it was illustrated in Charity's face. She gave a longing look to the picture of the Madonna, who had never abandoned her. Opposite was the famous picture of the chess-players—reminding her of the gains and losses, and strange freaks of luck in the game of life.

Fenton stood at the door. His face reflected a breaking heart, although he tried to look indifferent. He raised his arms as if to wipe away Charity's tears, and turning around he was off to the train, saying in a tearful voice, Good-bye—Auf Wiedersehen!

CHAPTER XIX.

"*What cannot exist together had better separate.*"—SCHILLER.

Rose Wither's wedding was approaching rapidly. Dr. Cutting had told her that nothing remained to be

done except drive to the church. But in the low depths of her heart she knew that something important had yet to be accomplished. Would it separate her from the Doctor? Perish the thought! But the thought remained. Conscience was awakening. Resolves made in our Blessed Lady's name had to be carried into execution. The salvation of her soul was at stake. Must the poor girl remain a deceiver, a hypocrite? "Yes!" said the tempter. "No!" said her guardian angel. It was now a silent battle to the death. Which banner would she follow—Cutting or Conscience?

"Poor, dear Doctor! He means well," said Rose to herself. "His noble heart led him to lift me from the lowest depths. I owe all to him. Do we love each other? Heaven knows! Must we separate? Why should we? Ah! but the dream! The warning! What of that? Will I defy Providence? Will I thus repay my dear Queen of Carmel, her whose Scapular shielded me? No, no! Help me, Mother! I am weak and faint of heart. Hold me up thou Help of Christians! Point the way, O Queen Immaculate, and I will follow, be the road strewn with coarsest thorns."

Rose was just recovering from a fainting spell as Cutting entered. She calmed his fears by telling him that she had been worrying over milliners' bills and what not, and asked him for a little cologne.

"Just like women. In cases of this kind, Rose, a good confession is sometimes the best tonic," replied Cutting.

"You are tonic enough for me, Doctor," said Rose with a forced laugh.

"I have a bit of disappointing news, Rose," went on the Doctor. "It will

not change *our* dates. Fenton is away, and can't be here. However, his fiancée will be here in a day or so. She is bringing her invalid mother. She is a nice old lady. Hope you'll be kind to her. She needs careful nursing."

"Oh! talk of anything but sick people just now, Doctor. I want something to cheer me up," said Rose.

"All right!" said the Doctor. "I suppose it will be no breach of confidence—for it is a public secret—if I say the young bone-setters here are getting a lovely cross, entwined in forget-me-nots, for you, and for me they

have a pretty scarf-pin with a beautiful golden anchor set in it. They asked me if I would not prefer a golden heart, but I left it to their choice."

"Talking of secrets, suppose I should say my name is not Miss Withers?" half inaudibly said Rose, as the Doctor ran to answer his emergency bell.

"Oh, well, my darling!" he shouted back. "No matter what you were called. It is now a question of a few days, and then no power on earth will prevent you from being called Mrs. Doctor Cutting.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE FEAST OF ALL SAINTS.

By REV. THEO. J. McDONALD.



HOSE whom we understand by the term "Saints," taken in its widest sense, are all persons united to God by sanctifying grace, be they in Heaven, on earth, or in Purgatory. Taken in its strict sense, are men, and by analogy, angels, who enjoy the beatific vision of God in heaven. But those who enjoy the benefits of the communion of saints, are all persons, saints and sinners, who belong by baptism to the mystic body of Christ. The *cultus* of the saints, as the theologians call it, is an act of religion, by which we give them proper honor and veneration. This *cultus* is either interior or exterior, the former being that which is in the mind alone, without any outward manifestation, whilst the latter is always out-

wardly expressed either by words or signs. In the outward manifestation, we express the esteem and the love we have for them in our hearts; and whilst esteeming and loving them, we rejoice in their felicity, as though it were our own; for love is common among friends. Love underlies the doctrine of the Communion of Saints. All holy persons are united to God by the golden bond of charity. It is charity that gives the impulse, that reaches out, and produces that interchange of holy offices between the members of the different states of Christ's Church. These different states, however, the Triumphant in Heaven, the Militant on earth, and the Suffering in Purgatory, are but one and the same Church, as they constitute but the one mystic body of Christ, of which He is the head. It is a glorious privilege, to belong to the mystic body of Christ, and live in fellowship with Christ and with one another. Saint

John said to the people whom he instructed in the mysteries of faith: "You may have fellowship with us, and fellowship with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ. Saint Paul also told the Colossians, to rejoice in the enjoyment of such a privilege. He said: "Giving thanks with joy to God the Father, who hath made us worthy to be partakers, of the lot of the saints of light.

Let us here, consider the sanctity of the militant Church on earth, which in spite of her human side, is entitled to that characteristic mark, clear and distinct above any society, that has ever been organized since the foundation of the human race. Persons casting a glance over the world, and viewing society in its present condition, perceive a tendency amongst millions of civilized people to worship the three great idols of the age, ambition, gold, and lust; or, to speak more correctly, they see multitudes of worshippers kneeling at their unholy shrines. Therefore, taking these things into consideration, and looking at the dark side of human society, they come to the conclusion that there are but few holy people, or if you will, few saints on earth. This is a mistaken notion; they ought to know that God is a hidden God; that His most precious gifts to His creatures, in the supernatural order, though not always, are for the most part hidden. "The beauty of the King's daughter is from within." We have a long roll in the catalogue of the saints; their lives shine like beacon lights coming down to us through the ages of Christianity even until now. But there are innumerable hosts of saints in every country, whose lives are hidden from and despised by the world. They look so much like other people, that one would

never suspect them to be saints. They lead interior lives; their hearts are altars, from which their self-sacrifice, their devotion and their love, go up like a holy incense, before the throne of their Creator. They carry the cross in the footsteps of their divine Master; at times it is heavy, and in the hour of trial, it sometimes is so weighty, that the heart is crushed, but from the depths of their resignation and their love, comes forth an odor of sweetness pleasing in the sight of their Redeemer. Over all this holiness is thrown the mantle of humility, for the world is not worthy to draw aside the curtain, and cast its unholy gaze down into the depths of such hidden sanctity.

But there are others whose lives are public and whose virtues cannot be hidden, and these constitute the visible sanctity of the Church, a sanctity that stands out so prominently before the world, that only those blinded by passion fail to see it. If any one doubt this statement, it would be well to remember, that the holiness of the members of the Triumphant Church in heaven, depends on the holiness of the members of the Militant Church on earth. It is only those, and those alone, who were holy in the Church on earth, at least departing out of this life, that now inhabit the triumphant Church in heaven. The twenty-four millions of martyrs, who now stand before the throne of God, clothed in purple garments and bearing in their hands the palms of victory, were once the children of the Church on earth. The host of virgins whom Saint John saw following the Lamb, with the crowns of their virginity sparkling on their brows, and singing a new canticle that no others could sing, were nurtured in the bosom of the militant

Church. As long as the world lasts, a large number of the children of the Church will be ever prominent for their holiness, for they are the outward product of the operation of the Holy Ghost, working within the bosom of the Spouse of Christ. As well might you expect to find a valley favorably situated, rich in the fertility of its soil, watered by the limpid streams of an unfailling river, without flowers and fruit, as to find the Catholic Church without a host of holy and self-sacrificing members.

The spirit of sacrifice is ever in the Church, and ever has been from the beginning. As soon as the sword of persecution had been sheathed, and the early Christians had come forth from the catacombs, with a sense of security and peace, a new impulse began to actuate the minds of men in their search after a higher state of life. Numbers left the world to commune with God alone, and pour out their petitions for their fellow-men whom they left behind. But the recluse could not bury himself deep enough in the solitude of the wilderness, to protect him from the intercourse of men. Disciples flocked around him and, in an incredibly short time, in place of the hermit's cell, the stately monastery arose. The industry of the monks changed the desert from a lonely solitude, to a fertile paradise, and not unfrequently the city grew up around the monastery. Thus the desert of Thebaid was peopled with religious at a very early period in the history of the Church, and it is to that period we owe the lives of the Fathers of the Desert who reveal to us a new world, entirely opposed to the world in which we live. The disinterestedness, the self-sacrifice, the love of God and their neighbor, the simplicity and the sub-

lime sanctity of these holy men, come down to us like a benediction through the ages of the world. But this religious movement, this striving after a higher degree of perfection, is not confined to any particular period in the history of the Church. The spirit of God is always active, and His fruits are always operating in the lives of the members of the mystic body of Christ. Hence, at all periods, religious bodies were multiplied, and, even at the present day, the Church is not wanting in the number of her holy and self-sacrificing children.

One of the characteristic marks of the saints on earth is charity; a charity that knows no bounds, a charity, that is stronger than death, towards their neighbor, whether the neighbor may be a saint or a sinner, or whether he may be a friend or a foe. The priest enters the pest-house, where the air is laden with the vapor of death, and though he were certain that his life was at stake, he would willingly make the sacrifice, to administer the last sacraments to the dying Christian. The Sister of Charity moves in a poisoned atmosphere, to bring consolation to the dying, hope and resignation to the suffering; the young man and the young virgin, leave the home of their parents, when there is question of bearing the light of the Gospel to the pagan, seated in darkness and in the shadow of death. Every tie that bound them to the earth is broken; the most sacred love of parents, the deep affection of relatives and friends, that twined around their young hearts, are rent asunder, and they go forth with joy because there is a soul to be rescued from ruin. No distance is too long, no solitude too frightful, no land too inhospitable, to deter them, not even the jungles of

Africa or India, when there is a hope of gaining one soul to God.

If then, the children of earth, weak as they are, bearing the sad inheritance of a fallen race, the heirs to many natural infirmities, can sacrifice all things for the love of their neighbor, what must be the ardor of the saints in heaven for our salvation? Here we see God as it were in a dark mirror, there we shall see Him face to face. But what is it to see Him face to face? It is to enjoy the Beatific Vision, to be bathed in an infinite ocean of beauty and love, to be transfigured into a more perfect likeness of Him who is the joy of the blessed. There the knowledge of the saints is perfected; there, they see the value of the soul; there, they understand what its loss would entail; and above all, as far as the finite can penetrate the depths of the infinite, they see and appreciate the value of the Blood of Jesus Christ, that was shed for the salvation of men. With what ardent desire, then, must the saints, on fire with divine love and with such a divinely extended knowledge of the soul and the infinite price paid for it, seek the salvation of men. We should, then, entertain for them the deepest veneration and love. We should have recourse to their holy intercession, and to their powerful protection, in all our necessities and in all our wants both spiritual and temporal.

If the saints on earth have suffered so much, and if they have made such sacrifices for the glory of God, for their own salvation, and the salvation of their fellow-men, certainly the people living in the world should take pity on themselves and at least do something for their own salvation. The saints were human as we are, they had passions such as we have, and some of them may have had stronger passions

even than ours, but by the grace of God they subdued them. Why should not we, then, subdue ours with the same divine assistance? It is not necessary for us to perform the heroic works of charity which they performed, nor is it necessary for us to leave the world, and bury ourselves in a wilderness, and undergo the mortifications and rigorous fasts that they underwent. But we can at least do a little; we can lead a Christian life, we can hear the Sundays Mass, we can approach the Sacraments even frequently, and restrain ourselves in all things within the bounds of decency and propriety. There is no necessity in going to so many places of amusement. The rage for amusement among the youth of the present day has left the Christian home desolate. This should not be, for after the Church there is no place so sacred and so sweet as home. The poet, who during most of his life had no home, and who frequently felt the want of its protection, immortalized it in song, and his beautiful and plaintive verses will remain ever enshrined in the hearts of the people. It is a pity that this sacred and holy place, where the Christian family dwells, and where the purest joys are felt, should not have a deeper attraction for the pleasure-seeking youth of our day. There are, however, in many places one thing wanting in the home and that is religious pictures, especially of the saints. One can hardly tell on entering many homes whether they are Christian or pagan; instead of a painting of the Crucifixion occupying the most conspicuous place, where one enters, there are the portraits of the most favored ones of the family. Where a painting of the Blessed Virgin or some of the saints should occupy, you find a landscape scene, and in the more humble dwellings, very frequently, there are all kinds of cheap prints which do not indicate that the inmates of such a home are Christian.

FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.



IN the year 1845, the sailing ship *King of the Ocean*, left the London docks with a full complement of passengers for the far off land of South Australia. Amongst the passengers was a devout English Protestant clergyman, the Rev. James Fisher and his wife and two children, James and Amelia, aged respectively, about nine and seven. The good ship gallantly ploughed her way through the wild waste of waters until about making her eastward course, some five hundred miles west of Cape Agulhas, where the trade winds generally keep revel with the fierce under-current in that part of the Indian Ocean.

The sun had scarcely sunk beneath the western waters when a wild tornado swept the ocean from the north-west. The waves were lashed into fury, the sails torn to shreds, and all the wooden structure on deck were only as reeds before the angry winds and waves on that memorable occasion. The passengers were sent below; the captain and crew, who had lashed themselves to the deck rigging, were unable to act. Moans of despair and cries of mercy, mingled with prayers, were heard alike from passengers and crew. Wave on wave washed over the apparently doomed boat, and nothing, but the intervention of Providence, could now save her from a watery grave.

The Rev. Mr. Fisher, with his family and others, came on deck and

asked all to join in prayer for mercy and forgiveness, as their doom seemed inevitable, but the prayers and cries of help seemed only to be mocked by the hissing and moaning of the infuriated elements.

Amongst the crew was a young Irish sailor, a native of the county Louth, named John M'Auliffe, who opening his vest, took from his neck a pair of Scapulars, given him by a pious mother. He waved them in the form of a cross and then threw them into the ocean.

This action was only witnessed by the Rev. Mr. Fisher, his wife and children. Immediately the waters abated their fury, and the howling tempest calmed, as it were to a zephyr, but a wavelet washed over the side of the boat and cast near the sailor boy the Scapulars he had thrown into the seething foam some minutes before. All was now calm; captain and sailors freed themselves from their lashings and set about re-rigging their boat and steered her safely into Botany harbor.

The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher approached the sailor boy with deep reverence, and begged of him to let them know what these simple pieces of brown braid and cloth marked B. V. M., signified. When told, they, then and there, promised to join the Faith which has for its protectress and powerful advocate the "Star of the Sea," and "Mother of Help."

On landing at Sydney, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher fulfilled their promises. They repaired to the little wooden chapel of St. Mary, on the

site of which now stands a most gorgeous and magnificent church—and sought the advice and spiritual assistance of the then pious Father Paulding, afterwards Archbishop, by whom they were received within the folds of the Catholic Church.

This good family afterwards settled down on a farm on a nice plateau on the Blue Mountains, distant from Sydney some two hundred miles.

The writer, to whom we are indebted for this true and edifying story, had the pleasure of conversing in the same house with James Fisher, the son of the Rev. Mr. Fisher, and heard from him the foregoing facts, and no more devoted and practical members of our holy Faith at the antipodes can be found than the Fisher family of the Blue Mountains, New South Wales.

ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS, CARMELITE.

BY REV. A. E. FARRINGTON, D. D., O. C. C.



SAINTS differ. There are those in whose lives, remarkable though they may be in various ways, we can, nevertheless, recognize much that is perfectly intelligible to the most ordinary mind—much that, pointing suggestively to our own individual position, duties, trials, and graces, we can set before us, as an ideal at least, for our personal imitation. When we read about these Saints, we feel as if it were possible to have boldness enough to put our hands into their kindly grasp, and walk on, at least for a short distance, in the sweet company of their example. This month we celebrate the feast of all the Carmelite Saints—but one of them—glory of his Order—we particularly commemorate on the 24th, namely, St. John of the Cross, therefore let us turn our eyes on him—the master of the interior life.

St. John of the Cross was born in a country which is famous for its Catholicity. Even to this day, it is the glory of the Church. For centuries it held out against the encroachment of

the Moors. The Spaniards fought for their altars and their homes with a fierceness and chivalry not to be found in the pages of the history of any country, Catholic Ireland alone excepted. The struggle was long and bloody, but faith triumphed over infidelity, and the standard of the Cross was planted in every city, town, and hamlet from the Bay of Biscay to the Straits of Gibraltar. The Cross replaced the Crescent; the pure of heart, whom Jesus called blessed, drove out the followers of Mahomet. Though the power of the Moors was fast declining, it did not finally die out until 1492 just as America met the gaze of the explorer and fifty years prior to the birth of our Saint.

Even to-day, at the dying hour of this 19th century, grand and noble Catholic Spain valiantly holds aloft the Banner of Christ and Our Lady of Carmel in her colonies and at home, and, undaunted, she fights the cohorts of satan, who under the false pretense of liberty would give death to all that is good and true in the Cuban and the Philippine Isles.

St. John of the Cross was born at Fontibero, in Old Castile, in 1542. His

family name was Yepes. His mother was a woman of great piety, and much devoted to the Blessed Virgin. As the mother, so the child. Jesus and Mary were the first words lipsed by little John Yepes. His love for the Blessed Virgin was unbounded. His confidence in her was recompensed by miracles. One day, at the age of five years, he was playing with some other children near the mouth of a cistern. Distracted by the play, and forgetful of the danger he was in, he fell into the well. His companions cried out for help, and when he was taken out of the well, he was quite dry and uninjured. He told those present that a lady had protected him from danger, and held him in her arms above the water.

On another occasion, as he was trying the depth of a pond, he accidentally fell in and went twice under the water; a laborer, attracted by the cries of John's companions, ran to his assistance and helped him out. He said, whilst he was in the water, a lady of great beauty, and magnificently dressed, came to him and offered him her hand, but his being so soiled with the mud of the water, he did not like to give her his hand, she, however, took him by the arm and kept him over the water. This lady was none other than the Mother of God. The enemy of the human race, who goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, resolved to attack young Yepes. Two years after the above mentioned event, John and his brother Francis went some little distance in the country, when they beheld a furious monster, which was no other than the devil, coming towards them with his mouth open ready to devour them. John, with a courage far beyond that of his age, was not the

least alarmed, and without stirring or crying for help, made the sign of the Cross, and the demon at once fled, verifying the words of Scripture, "The eyes of the Lord are upon them that fear Him, He is their powerful protector," "Thou art my protector and refuge."

At the age of nine years, he had a great love for the Cross and for mortification. His good Mother, whose eyes were ever upon him, often found him both night and day, pouring forth his soul to God in prayer. She left nothing undone to encourage him in his devotions and the practice of every virtue. He was sent to school to Medina, where he was a model for the children of the school. He was modest, thoughtful, circumspect and most docile to his teachers. His manner was so composed that he attracted the attention of everyone. His progress in his lessons was very great. He possessed a genius of the first order, and had an extraordinary memory. Every spare moment was given to piety, and his devotion to the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar was very great. He heard several Masses in the morning, and served many others; showing such recollection and fervor, as to astonish all that beheld him. When thirteen years old, his mother had to take him from school, as she was too poor to defray the expense of his education. He willingly returned home, resigned himself to divine Providence, and joined the hospital corps. He acquitted himself with such activity, sweetness, and zeal, that he attracted all hearts towards him, even the most troublesome invalids. He never ceased consoling them and applying remedies to their maladies. His manner, and the exactness with which he fulfilled all his duties animated the

officials in the discharge of theirs. Notwithstanding his numerous occupations, he found time to devote himself to prayer and meditation on the Passion of Jesus Christ. He gave little time to rest or recreation, and mortified his body by sleeping on the floor and taking very little nourishment. Thus he laid the foundation of that great sanctity which made him so great in the eyes of God.

The minister of the hospital was delighted with his extraordinary piety, and sent him to study at the college of the Jesuits. With prayers and tears he besought God to direct him in the way he should go. "Show me, oh Lord, the way I should go, and thou, O Sacred Virgin, who wast always my protector, be to me a guide, in an office in which my eternal salvation is concerned!" God, who sometimes conceals himself, as it were, under a cloud, that He may afterwards show forth with greater glory the humility of His servants and the designs of His Providence, kept John for a long time in great doubt and perplexity.

One day, as he prayed with greater fervor than usual, he heard a voice from heaven, which said to him, "You will enter into a Religious Order, wherein you will contribute much to re-establish its ancient observance." Those words so impressed him, that they became deeply engraved in his heart. He besought God, more earnestly than ever, to let him know more fully His Divine Will in the matter, so that he might commence that life, which He wished him to lead.

The Carmelites had at that time a convent at Medina, and in honor of the Blessed Virgin and in honor of her mother, they called it the convent of St. Anne. John was looking about on every side, to know what religious or-

der he was to enter, and was much struck with the Carmelites. They were very holy men, and much devoted to the Blessed Virgin; he believed this was the one God had designed for him. Having thanked his benefactor for all his kindness towards him, he went out, cast himself at the feet of the superior of the monastery, and asked to be permitted to receive the habit of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel. He was admitted on the feast of St. Mathias. His mother lost much in losing her dear son. St. Teresa, in consideration of her great piety, some years after, had her supported for the remaining years of her life, and on her death had her interred in the monastery.

Never was there a novice, who filled with more zeal and exactness the duties of his calling, than did John of St. Mathias. He commenced by studying the spirit of his vocation. Having entered into the house of God, he forgot all that he left behind him in the world. His only desire was to live for Christ alone, continually occupied with the love of his Savior.

The sweetest moments of his life were those he spent before the altar. Obedient to the voice of his superior, he learned how to obey without asking any reasons for so doing. He loved his cell. The Book of the Holy Gospels and the "Imitation of Christ" were his constant companions. From these he took the subject of his meditations, the rule of his conduct, and learned that perfect self-denial, which, in cutting away from the very roots all the obstacles which he had to overcome, in order to arrive at the summit of that evangelical perfection which he so fully shows in his own book on the "Ascent of Mount Carmel."

As a novice, he was a model for all.

After the usual time of probation, he made his profession. His zeal, far from abating after his novitiate, was continually on the increase. His superiors recognizing his great abilities as well as holiness, determined on sending him to Salamanca to complete his higher studies. The austerities he practised there were excessive. He chose for his cell a little dark hole at the end of the dormitory. A hollow board, something like a grave was his bed. He platted himself so rough a hair shirt that, at the least motion, it pricked his body to blood. His fasts and other mortifications were incredible. By these means he studied to die to the world and to himself, and by assiduous prayer and contemplation in silence and retirement, he gave wings to his soul. He lays down in his works as a fundamental maxim of perfection, that a person should study, in the first place, to do all their actions in union with those of Jesus Christ, desiring to imitate him, and to put on His spirit. This was his own practice. His second rule was to mortify his senses in all things, denying them whatever did not seem most to contribute to the glory of God, whether in his hearing, seeing, or other senses. It was his desire to be a lay brother, but this was refused him. He had distinguished himself in his course of theological studies, and, in 1567, being twenty-five years old, he was promoted to the priesthood. He prepared himself to offer his First holy Mass by humiliation, fasts, penitential tears, fervent prayers, and long meditations on the sufferings of our Divine Redeemer; deeply imprinting His precious wounds in his heart, and sacrificing himself, his will, and all his actions with his Savior, in raptures of love and devotion.

Saint Teresa was busy in establishing her reformation of the Carmelites, and coming to Medina del Campo, heard speak of the extraordinary virtue of brother John. Whereupon she desired to see him, admired his

spirit, and told him that God had called him to sanctify himself in the Order of our Lady of Mount Carmel: that she had received authority from the General to found two reformed houses of men, and that he himself should be the first instrument of so great a work. Soon after she founded her first Monastery of men in a poor house in the village of Durvelle. John, who had acquiesced in her proposal, entered this new Bethlehem, in a perfect spirit of sacrifice, was soon joined by others, who all renewed their Profession in the year 1568. This was the beginning of the Bare-footed Carmelites. He now changed his name of John of St. Mathias, to that of John of the Cross. So great were the austerities of the primitive Carmelites, that St. Teresa saw it necessary to procure a mitigation. The odor of their sanctity in their poor, obscure house spread all over Spain, and St. Teresa soon established a second convent at Pastrane, and, in 1568, a third at Manresa, whither she translated that from Durvelle, and, in 1572, a fourth at Avila. The example and the exhortations of Saint John inspired the Religious with a perfect spirit of solitude, humility, and mortification. His wonderful love of the cross appeared in all his actions, and it was by meditating continually on the sufferings of Christ that it increased daily in his soul: for love made him desire to resemble his crucified Redeemer in all manner of humiliations and sufferings. And Almighty God, to purify his heart from all natural weaknesses and attachments, made him pass through the crucible by the most severe interior and exterior trials; which is His ordinary conduct towards those souls which He prepares to raise to an eminent sanctity, and to enrich with His extraordinary graces.

The brilliant diamond receives from the hammer and chisel its lustre and polish. Trials were, by grace, the chief instruments of the admirable perfection to which our Saint arrived. St. Teresa made use of him to impart the spirit of her reform to the Religious in all the houses which she established. The convent in which she had made

her first profession at Avila, had always opposed her reformation. Yet the bishop of Avila thought it necessary that she should be made prioress there, to retrench, at least, the frequent visits of seculars. She sent for St. John, and appointed him the spiritual director of this house, in 1576. He soon endeavored them to shut up their parlors, and to cut off the abuses which were inconsistent with a religious life of retirement and penance. Many seculars put themselves under his direction, and he preached the word of God with wonderful unction and fruit.

He was made superior of the little convent of Calvary, situate in a desert, and, in 1579, founded that of Baeza. In 1581 he was chosen prior of Granada, in 1585, vicar-Provincial of Andalusia, and in 1588, first Definitior of the Order. He founded at the same time the convent of Segovia. In all his employments the austerities which he practised seemed to exceed bounds, and he only slept two or three hours each night, employing the rest in prayer, in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. He showed always the most sincere and profound humility and even love of abjection, an inimitable fervor and zeal for all the exercises of religion, and an insatiable desire of suffering. He used to say: "To suffer for the sake of God is the true characteristic of His love, as we see in Christ, and in the martyrs. And persecutions are the means to enter into the depth, or attain to the knowledge of the mystery of the cross, a necessary condition for comprehending the depth of the wisdom of God and of His love." Hearing Christ once say to him: "John, what recompense dost thou ask for thy labors?" he answered: "Lord, I ask no other recompense than to suffer and be condemned for Thy love." At the very name of the cross he fell into an ecstasy in the presence of Mother Anne of Jesus. Three things he frequently asked of God: 1st. That he might not pass one day of his life without suffering something. 2dly. That he might not die Superior. 3dly. That he might end his life in humiliation, disgrace, and contempt.

His love of his neighbor was wonderful, especially towards the poor, the sick, and sinners; his continual tenderness and affection for his enemies, and the benefactions and kindness with which he always studied to return good for evil, were most admirable. For fear of contracting any attachments for earthly things, he was a rigorous observer and lover of poverty. All the furniture of his little cell or chamber consisted in a paper image and a cross made of rushes, and he would have the poorest beads and breviary, and wear the most threadbare habit he could get. A profound sentiment of religion made him bear an extreme respect to whatever belonged, even remotely, to churches, or to the service of God. The same motive of the honor of God sanctified all his actions. He employed many hours every day and night in prayer, and often before the Blessed Sacrament with extraordinary fervor. True devotion he described to be humble, not loving to be lofty; silent, not active; without attachment to anything; without singularity or presumption, full of distrust in itself, following with ardor simple and common rules. By experience in spiritual things and an extraordinary light of the Holy Ghost, he had a singular gift in discerning spirits, and knew what came from God. After great labors and sufferings, he retired into a little solitary convent in the mountains of Sierra Morena, where he gave the final touch to his great ascetical works.

After a life of great holiness, he died in the year 1591. Two hours before his death, he repeated the psalm "Miserere." Full of holy joy he cried out: "Glory be to God," pressed the crucifix to his breast, and after some time, said: "Lord, into Thy hands, I commend my soul," and died. A great many miracles were wrought both before and after his death. He was canonized by Benedict XIII., 1726. He wrote several mystical works, in which he describes the interior trials and consolations of a perfectly detached soul.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 68o Lexington Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

NOVEMBER, 1897.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

The month of November brings to us with its first day the glorious feast of All Saints.

Let us lift our eyes to heaven and try to picture the multitude of blessed ones who are there, safe and happy, in an unbroken peace and joy, rapturously gazing on the Holy Face. What now to them are all life's sorrows? Heaven is the prize which followed all.

Dear children, we do not think often enough of heaven, and yet it is our home. Oh! that we could learn to long for it as the saints did. Let us pray for a desire for heaven during this month of November, which draws us very far away from earth because of its exquisitely beautiful devotion to the holy dead.

No month in the whole year has such a deep, strong hold on the Catholic heart as November.

Every household mourns its own loved ones departed, and, blessed be God for the precious faith that teaches it, *knows* they are safe in God's keeping, and nearer and dearer in eternity than they ever were before.

How good is God, and how full of sweetness and tender mercy are even the trials He sends us.

The holy dead are more our own, than when we held them in our arms and felt their warm breath on our faces. There is no doctrine of the Church so comforting to the poor human heart, which finds the world a desert place when its loved ones no

longer people it, as this of the Communion of Saints.

Ours is no cold hopeless faith, which finds a barrier in the grave. No; we follow our dear ones to eternity and *thence* we stretch out our hands, warm with love and pity, to help them *more* efficaciously than we ever did in life.

Dear children, it is a special gift of God to have a tender heart.

The Sacred Heart of our dear Lord is especially characterized for its tenderness. Now, let me beg of you, with all the earnestness of which I am capable, to begin early to have a *very* tender love and sympathy for the dear suffering souls in Purgatory.

Perhaps your own happy home has lost none of its members. Long may it be so blessed; but let that not be a reason for neglecting the poor souls. Think of them in their sweet, silent, patient suffering. Try to recall the eyes of some one whom you loved tenderly, and who is now gone from you forever. Could you refuse a favor to one who looked at you piteously and imploringly?

That is what the holy souls are doing, particularly in November. Do not be hard hearted or selfish, but say for them, many times each day, "My Jesus mercy!"

One hundred days' Indulgence for each time you say it, and only God knows what *that* means to the holy souls. The Secretary knows some one who lost his dear mother lately and who said, "I say 'My Jesus mercy' a thousand times a day for her dear soul." Going along the street, riding

in cars, walking around the house, and in bed at night, how many times may we not send this act of truest love straight to the merciful Heart of Jesus, in sweetest petition for our own dear dead. There are many many things in life for which we should be very grateful; but a strong, lively faith is the greatest gift of God. By it everything in life is sanctified, yes, and made joyous for us. Think of those who do not believe in Purgatory, and so really *part* with their dead when they are laid away in the cold earth. Oh! what *anguish* it must be *not* to be able to follow them, to talk to them heart to heart, to ask them to pray for us, to watch over us, and to live with them still in that most perfect union of soul with soul, which only the children of the holy Catholic Church know and enjoy. Is this very dry and doleful talk for you, dear children? I hope not. You must learn early to be in perfect sympathy with the mind of the Church. To feel as she feels, to sorrow with her and rejoice with her, for thus only can you be truly loyal Catholics. O! what a *glory* for us to be Catholics. No one ever felt it more deeply than the great Doctress of the Church, the glory of the Carmelite Order, St. Teresa, whose feast is celebrated on Oct. 15. One little devotion of hers we may easily make our own. She *loved* holy water. Take it often and make the sign of the Cross slowly, reverently, from forehead to breast, from shoulder to shoulder, for the holy souls. One hundred days' Indulgence for this also. Make an offering on the first day of November of everything you do the whole month for the holy souls. Don't count anything. Pile them up high as you can, all the acts of love and pity for the holy dead and leave them all to God. Do one thing

for the Secretary this month, she never asked a personal favor before. Say one Hail Mary to our dear Lady of Mercy in thanksgiving for the grace of a sweet saintly death (on her feast Sept. 24) of a beloved mother whose dying words were, "My Jesus mercy and peace."

Dear children, love your darling mother while your lives are blessed with her presence. Shower on her all the tenderness and sweet affection of your warm hearts. You can never show her enough; and when she is gone, your greatest joy will be to recall the many many times when you *showed* her how much you loved her. Hold fast to her as your greatest treasure after God, and pray for the desolate hearts who yearn for the sound of that sweet voice which said to her children, "My best beloved!"

Don't forget the feast of Our Blessed Lady's Presentation, on Nov. 21.

Dear children, be faithful to our dear Mother Mary, and some day you will know, better than you do now, how much she loves you, and what a friend she is to those who are really her loving children.

Devotedly,
CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN OCTOBER.

1. Matrimony.
2. Ramrod.
3. Somersault.
4. Transubstantiation.
5. For Adam's Express Company.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN OCTOBER.

1. In Golconda, in 1550. It weighed 900 carats.
2. James Whitcomb Riley.
3. At Sillery, Massachusetts, in 1648, by the Jesuits.
4. In the Vatican library.
5. Spain.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. What mineral was called "*divine*" by Homer and by Plato, a "substance dear to the gods?"
2. A part of the ransom of Rome was demanded by Alaric in what substance?
3. What town in England contains but one house?
4. What is the most remote village in England?
5. Who was called "the School Master of the Republic?"

MAXIMS FOR NOVEMBER.

I.

The land beyond the sea!
 Oh, how the lapsing years,
 'Mid our most unsubmissive tears,
 Have borne, now singly, now in fleets,
 the biers,
 Of those we love, to thee,
 Calm land beyond the sea!

—Fr. Faber.

2. Let us unite in heart with those we regret. They see us, they love us, they are affected by our wants. Having arrived safely in port, they pray for us who are still in danger of shipwreck.—Fenelon.

3. The friendship was never true that can have an end.—St. Jerome.

4. Oh! my holy, O, my tender mother, love me ever in heaven, as you did on earth, and never abandon me in my afflictions.—Bl. Henry Suso.

5. In the eternal life, God will no more separate those whom He united than He permits their separation in this world below. The truest family life, the most perfect union finds its highest example in heaven.—Tertullian.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

Geographical Nonsense.

A young girl named 1 (cape on south N.J. coast) 2 (mountain in N.H.) began to study 3 (bay on east coast of Australia) one day. She thought it very 4 (cape on coast of Ireland) at first, but

as she got further into the subject she began to feel 5 (mountains in Pa.) and to 6 (cape on coast of N.C.) that she could never master the subject.

At length a schoolmate named 7 (cape on coast of Mass.) kindly helped her over her difficulties and then she progressed finely.

One day these two girls set out for a 8 (point in south N.J.) walk. Shortly after they started, however, it grew 9 (lake in Minn.) and as they turned and hurried homeward they got 10 (lake in Sweden) and 11 (the same). On their way home they saw a 12 (lake in B. America), a 13 (lake in B. America), a 14 (fort in B. America), a 15 (river in B. America) and a 16 (another river in B. America) in a large pond. Still they hurried on in 17 (fort in B. America) of 18 (Mt. in Alaska) when whom should they meet but the 19 (cape west of Alaska)! They had very little 20 (fort in B. America) that he would speak to them, though he was a very 21 (inlet of Hudson bay) in manner; so when he passed them with an 22 (cape north of Alaska) nod, they felt no 23 (cape west of Washington.)

They arrived home in safety and 24 (cape on coast of Mass.) said 25 (cape south of Greenland) at the door and hurried on to her own home, making a 26 (cape east of Mich.) to avoid a 27 (cape west of Mich.) which she had seen in the 28 (lake in south of B. America.)

The Most Beautiful Hand.

There was a dispute among three maidens as to which had the most beautiful hand. One sat by a stream and dipped her hand into the water and held it up, another picked strawberries until the ends of her fingers were pink, and another gathered violets until her hands were fragrant.

An old haggard woman passing by asked: "Who will give me a gift, for I am poor?"

All these denied her, but another who sat near gave her a gift. And then she asked them what was the dispute, and they told, lifting up before her their hands. Then said she: "It is the hand that gives to the poor that is most beautiful."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Last of the Giants.

Charles Anderson Dana is a name that will live. The daily press has probably said all that could be said of the great editor. As Catholics, we had a great champion in Mr. Dana's *Sun*. At times its editorial expositions of Catholic teaching were masterpieces. In fact, as some one remarked, if a few objectionable features were eliminated, the *Sun* would be an ideal Catholic daily. "Many of my best friends are Catholics," once said Mr. Dana, and well can it be said that we, too, have lost a friend. A year or so ago, the famous editor remarked to the writer, "I venerate the Catholic clergy and envy their position. They do so much good." Little we thought then that the erect, courteous, bored and patient man who stood before us, akimbo with rolled-up sleeves, was so soon to be the subject of this curt and characteristic notice in his own paper on the day after his death: "Charles Anderson Dana, editor of the *Sun*, died yesterday afternoon." Now that its chief light has gone, let us hope that the great newspaper will faithfully follow the rays reflected on it by the spirit of its great editor—the last of the editorial giants.

Names Nice and Not Nice.

A few weeks ago our interesting contemporary, the *Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph*, invited its readers to a christening. Everyone was asked to suggest a name for somebody's child. The answers were interesting, and a host of names were suggested. Among others, we were glad to see Carmelita and Teresa on the list. Some names given to children at baptism are at times as ridiculous as they are un-

Catholic, and our hyper-refined boys and girls would think it an outrage for their parents to have branded them for life with the name of "Patrick" or "Bridget." Another absurdity is the manner of disguising a name, or mutilating, for instance, "Teresa," "Augustine," or "Cecilia" into "Tessie," "Gus," or "Cissy." The Latin races are more happy in the choice of names. They are Christian and musical. However, in some places, it seems to border on irreverence to give children the Holy Name, as happens in Southern climes, and our fathers have discouraged the practice in some of their missions. Speaking of names reminds us that among the thousands sent us for registration in the Scapular Album, we come across strange kinds of Indian nomenclature, which in some cases are sesquipedal. All Saints is here once more, and reminds us of a myriad of holy names. It would be a practical thing did some one publish a handy little pamphlet containing all the names of saints as given in the Roman Martyrology. It would be a great help to Catholic parents when confronted with the question, "What shall we call the baby?" We take the liberty of adding to the *Telegraph's* list the names of Saints Faith, Hope and Charity.

"Forget Me Not!"

"Remember" rhymes with "November," and appropriately. We are very apt to forget our duty towards the suffering souls in Purgatory. "Remember, remember! You at least, our friends!" they cry this month, and adamantine would be our hearts did we lend them a deaf ear. "Out of sight, out of mind!" may be

true of our relation to these poor souls, but on their part there is no such thing as ungrateful forgetfulness. It is just as true now, as it was when St. Augustine wrote, "I pray for the souls departed, that when they have entered into eternal bliss, they may not forget to pray for me." During this month we recommend to our readers all our deceased benefactors, known and unknown, particularly those whose remains lie wrapt in the folds of the holy habit of Our Lady of Carmel. "Forget me not!" cries the suffering soul in these chill November days, which remind us that our love grows cold. Pious reader! Remember!

Convent and Cloister.

An exchange says that the opening of the new Carmelite convent in Boston to the public was a very wise proceeding, and has caused the removal of much misunderstanding. A remarkable example of this fact occurred in a town of anti-Catholic proclivities. In a certain prayer-meeting, a well known citizen of the place arose, and with no sneers or slurs he stated that he had taken a number of young people to see the monastery, and that they had been very favorably impressed by what they saw. "If these nuns," he continued, "could thus shut themselves away from the world, in this very austere community, in order to give themselves to prayer, what lessons ought not we in the world to learn from them in the earnest use and the power of prayer." The world, or at least, the sane part of it, let us add, is beginning to learn wisdom. If it proceeds farther in the search for truth, it will find that the monks and nuns have chosen the better part. When Right shall be called Right, and justice reigns once more, worldlings will look upon each monastery as an object of benediction.

Modern Martyrs.

"The announcement that the sixteen Carmelite nuns, who suffered during the French Revolution in 1794, are likely to be beatified soon," says the *Ave Maria*, "makes one hope that similar honors may one day rest upon the memory of the holy priests, who died during the Commune of 1871." Miss Molly Elliot Seawell, writing of these heroes in *Munsey's*, says: "To their honor be it said, that no priest, or any member of a religious order of men or women ran away from Paris at the time of the Commune. All remained calmly during their duty until they suffered death, or were saved by the entrance of the troops of the line." In truth, to again quote the *Ave Maria*, "The courage of the priests was almost the only bright spot in this carnival of horrors. One of them, Father Guerrin, chanced to be in civilian clothes when arrested, and, his beard having grown during his captivity, there was no sign to identify him as a priest. In the cell nearest him was a married man with wife and children dependent on him. The heroic priest offered to save the man by personating him. 'When your name is called,' said he, 'I will answer. They will take no trouble to identify me. All they want is blood. You will thus be saved to your family.'"

Socialism and Catholicism.

In some western towns there is a movement on foot to introduce the newspapers into the schools, in order to keep the rising generation posted on current topics and the burning questions of the day. Not to speak of the great moral danger to youth in this vicious innovation, it seems to us that a "newspaper" education is a rather superficial affair. But in these days of

small talk, every one must read up every "ism" and know the latest joke and newest "slang" expression. But how few have clear ideas on, for instance, Socialism? And, yet, to quote Cardinal Vaughan, "the Social Question has taken so firm a possession of the modern mind that no educated Catholic can afford to neglect it. The future of the world depends upon its solution. And the solution is being gradually worked out by the various parties into which modern society has been divided. The forces of evil which are compendiously spoken of under the three words: the world, the flesh and the devil, are playing their active and forward part. Against them are ranged the Truth and Charity of the Redeemer of Mankind. He is represented by the Church which He founded, and which He accompanies in its course through the centuries. He has not left us without a Guide in the intricate, personal and burning question which covers the main interests of society. His Vicar has been led to speak with no uncertain Voice, and in the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* has traced the broad outlines upon which the study of the Social Question ought to proceed." Neither time nor money would be lost did our Catholic buy and read carefully the excellent work of Count Soderini, on "Socialism and Catholicism." This great work fully treats of the subject so wonderfully expounded by the Holy Father.

Funeral Flowers.

"Flowers gratefully declined" has lately appeared appended to the obituary notices of the Buffalo dailies. Naturally, the common-sense mourners who inserted the notice were Catholics. It is an example to be emulated. Flowers have their place in churches.

They are used to adorn the altar, not the casket. If holy Church so desired it, she would have inserted a rubric in the ritual, ordering her ministers to follow the incensation by distributing flowers. However, on the contrary, the clergyman, and his attendants, who officiate at funeral obsequies, is properly robed in sombre vestments, to remind us of death, the thought of which we try to bury in a mountain of floral pillows, broken columns and other absurdities. The best flowers we can scatter around the pall of our deceased friends and relatives are prayers, acts of self-denial, fasting, alms-giving and other good works. Above all, let us neglect not to have the holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered for them. They will be thankful for this, while gratefully declining our flowers.

You will make us very happy by renewing your subscription to this magazine. The date next to your name will tell you where you stand. Don't put off to to-morrow what can be done to-day.

.

The new invention of the Jesuit Father Devine, called the "Devine Train Signal," for signalling automatically any breakage of connection between the cars of a freight train, is pronounced a genuine success. Recently it was applied to a freight train of twenty-seven cars for 287 miles west of Port Arthur and it worked like a charm. The railway employees expressed themselves delighted with it, as it enables them to communicate with any car with either the locomotive or the caboose.

.

A letter from the now famous gold fields of Alaska has found its way into the office of THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

It came with the subscription of a reverend reader who braves the dangers of the far North in quest, not of gold, but of souls—whose loss could not be repaid by a thousand Klondikes. Next year we hope to receive an interesting letter from the Yukon country.

.

In his interesting sketch on the "Church in India," which appeared in the *Rosary Magazine*, Father Gleeson tells us among other things that, the "great apostle Xavier, who came in 1542, is said to have drawn to the faith somewhere between one and two millions, and he consequently made the most definite and permanent mark on the native population. This zealous laborer for God and the Church died twelve years after his arrival, but the work of conversion was carried on triumphantly by his followers, not only among the native pagans, but also among the Nestorian Christians, in whose behalf the archbishop of Goa, Alexias de Menezes, convoked a council in 1599 at Dampier, and received the submission of the Nestorian faithful to the number of 250,000 souls. Unfortunately, half a century later the descendants of these people had relapsed into their original errors, but the majority of these were reclaimed by Carmelite missionaries sent out by Pope Alexander VII." We might add that our fathers are still in India

unostentatiously winning souls for Christ.

.

The Carmelite devotion to the holy Infant of Prague is becoming more and more popular among devout Catholics. In one of the future numbers of this magazine we will give our readers a sketch of this devotion.

.

The *Catholic Home Annual*, which made its first appearance fifteen years ago, has just been issued for 1898, and will, we are sure, meet with a hearty welcome from its ever-increasing army of friends. The present number is unusually interesting, and in its pages will be found contributions from the foremost Catholic writers. A glance at the number shows a delightful choice of reading: there are stories by Maurice Francis Egan, Walter Lecky, Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert), Katharine Tynan Hinkson, Marion Ames Taggart, Margaret M. Trainer; more serious articles by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Conaty of the Washington University, and others. This splendid almanac will be sent to all our readers who pay in advance for THE CARMELITE REVIEW till the end of next year.

.

THE CARMELITE REVIEW offers most generous terms to its agents. We want others. Write at once.

PRAY FOR THE DEAD.

BY HENRY COYLE.

Pray for the dead! Bereft of all save hope
The poor souls now through Purgatory grope
And plead for help in their great agony,
That they from misery may soon be free.

Pray for the dead! Ask God for their release
From suffering—that all their pains may cease;
Though He is mighty and reigns Lord above,
He is our Father and His name is Love.

Pray for the dead! Oh, Father, now we plead;
For the poor souls we pray and intercede;
Grant them forgiveness—take them to your breast
That they may find the peace they crave and rest.

THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

Our printed mailing-list is corrected a few days before the first of each month and it is not possible to insert corrections of dates sent in after the first of each month. In this case, the correction will appear the next month on the label on the wrapper. In the meantime, a receipt is promptly mailed to all who remit.

PUBLICATIONS.

Our Carmelite Tertians, and others who recite the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, would do well to procure a copy of Dr. Bernard Schaeffer's clear explanation of this Office, which is now translated, and sold at a low price by the Sisters of Mercy at their convents in Pittsburg, Pa. This handy little book will be a great aid to devotion and prevent this beautiful prayer of the Church from becoming a mere lip service.

Under the caption of "A Sweet Girl," Miss M. T. Elder is giving some excellent points to the readers of that excellent journal, the *Catholic Telegraph*. These articles are not dry. All concerned in the important subject of education will be behind the times if they neglect to read all about the "Sweet Girl" in the columns of our Cincinnati contemporary.

Late numbers of the *Sacred Heart Review* have contained some excellent articles particularly interesting to members and lovers of the Order of Mt. Carmel. Our excellent Boston contemporary is Catholic in every sense. It caters to a broad field of intelligent readers.

Our pious readers interested in the Life of St. Joanna of Toulouse, now appearing in these pages, will be pleased to know that the venerable Franciscans of Quebec have just issued a neat little "*Life of St. Louis of Anjou, of the Order of Friars Minor, Bishop of Toulouse.*" The Mendicant Friars, both Franciscan and Carmelite, can look back to a glorious line of saintly forefathers. In the preface of this new life of St. Louis the reverend author tells us that "our Pontiff Leo XIII owes his existence to

St. Louis of Anjou, since the birth of his father, Count Louis Pecci, was due to the intercession of that saint." You can procure this book from 180 Grande Allee, Quebec.

"Duchess and Nun, Maria Felicia Orsini," is the title of an intensely interesting article by J. M. Cave in the current number of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. Mother Mary Felice, as she was called, is closely related to our own Carmelite Blessed Margaret Orsini.

We have received from William H. Young & Co., 31 Barclay street, New York, the *Life of Brother Azarias*, by Rev. John Talbot Smith, L. L. D. Like other works of the firm of Young & Co., this last work is a creditable example of book-making.

The current numbers of the *Stimmen von Berge Karmel* and the *Chroniques du Carmel* are full of interest. The former tells how a young man saved his life during the Paris bazaar holocaust by a medal of our Lady of Carmel, and the latter relates late wonders done through St. Albert's Water. We read, too, that the great Carmelite devotion to the Holy Infant of Prague is causing blessings in all directions.

We are in receipt of a copy of the special double number of the *Catholic Reading Circle Review*, containing complete and graphic reports of the Champlain and Madison Catholic Summer Schools. The number contains one hundred twenty pages, including nearly one hundred half-tone photographic views of distinguished men, scenes and events, illustrating Summer School life. This number contains full and comprehensive abstracts of over fifty subjects, embracing nearly one hundred lectures on history, art, science, music, pedagogy, ethics, philosophy, psychology, social problems, biography and other branches of knowledge. It is an invaluable compendium of general knowledge. The average reader, as well as reading circles and study clubs, will find it useful and instructive. Besides the proceedings of the summer schools, there is also contained in this number an outline of the course of reading and study of the Reading Circle Union for 1897-98.